IN 5 ISSUES, IT'S ALL OVER!
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JOE HILL
GABRIEL RODRIGUEZ
JAY FOTOS
OMEGA
LOCKE & KEY

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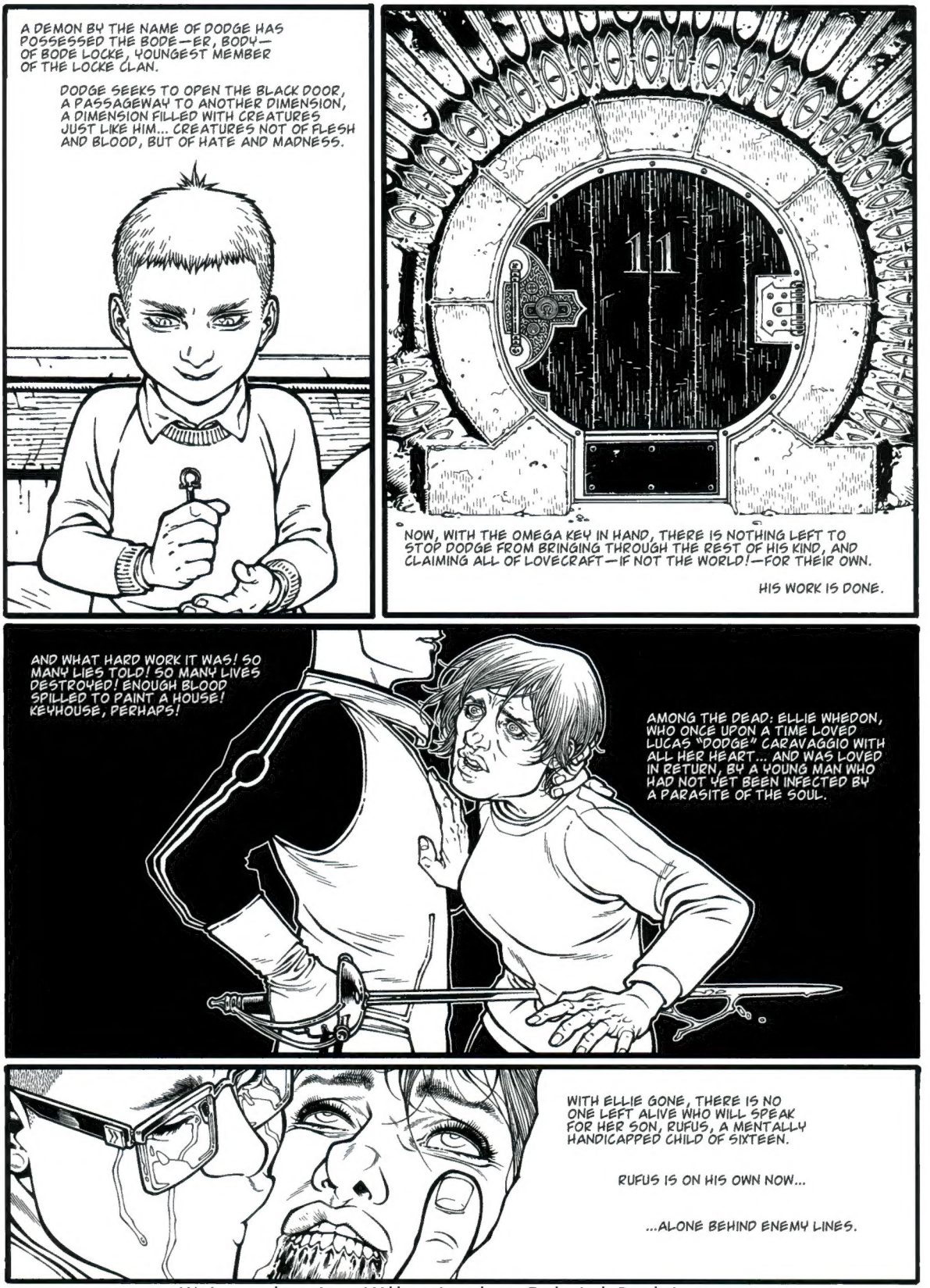
A DEMON BY THE NAME OF DODGE HAS POSSESSED THE BODE—ER, BODY—OF BODE LOCKE, YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE LOCKE CLAN.
DODGE SEEKS TO OPEN THE BLACK DOOR, A PASSAGEWAY TO ANOTHER DIMENSION, A DIMENSION FILLED WITH CREATURES JUST LIKE HIM... CREATURES NOT OF FLESH AND BLOOD, BUT OF HATE AND MADNESS.
11
NOW, WITH THE OMEGA KEY IN HAND, THERE IS NOTHING LEFT TO STOP DODGE FROM BRINGING THROUGH THE REST OF HIS KIND, AND CLAIMING ALL OF LOVECRAFT—IF NOT THE WORLD!—FOR THEIR OWN.
HIS WORK IS DONE.
AND WHAT HARD WORK IT WAS! SO MANY LIES TOLD! SO MANY LIVES DESTROYED! ENOUGH BLOOD SPILLED TO PAINT A HOUSE! KEYHOUSE, PERHAPS!
AMONG THE DEAD: ELLIE WHEDON, WHO ONCE UPON A TIME LOVED LUCAS "DODGE" CARAVAGGIO WITH ALL HER HEART... AND WAS LOVED IN RETURN, BY A YOUNG MAN WHO HAD NOT YET BEEN INFECTED BY A PARASITE OF THE SOUL.
WITH ELLIE GONE, THERE IS NO ONE LEFT ALIVE WHO WILL SPEAK FOR HER SON, RUFUS, A MENTALLY HANDICAPPED CHILD OF SIXTEEN.
RUFUS IS ON HIS OWN NOW...
...ALONE BEHIND ENEMY LINES.

Written by: Joe Hill • Art by: Gabriel Rodriguez

Colors by: Jay Fotos • Letters by: Robbie Robbins • Edited by: Chris Ryall • Special thanks to Israel Skelton

Locke & Key created by Joe Hill and Gabriel Rodriguez | Follow Joe Hill on Twitter **@joe_hill** • Follow Gabriel Rodriguez on Twitter **@GR_comics**

IDW founded by Ted Adams, Alex Garner, Kris Oprisko, and Robbie Robbins

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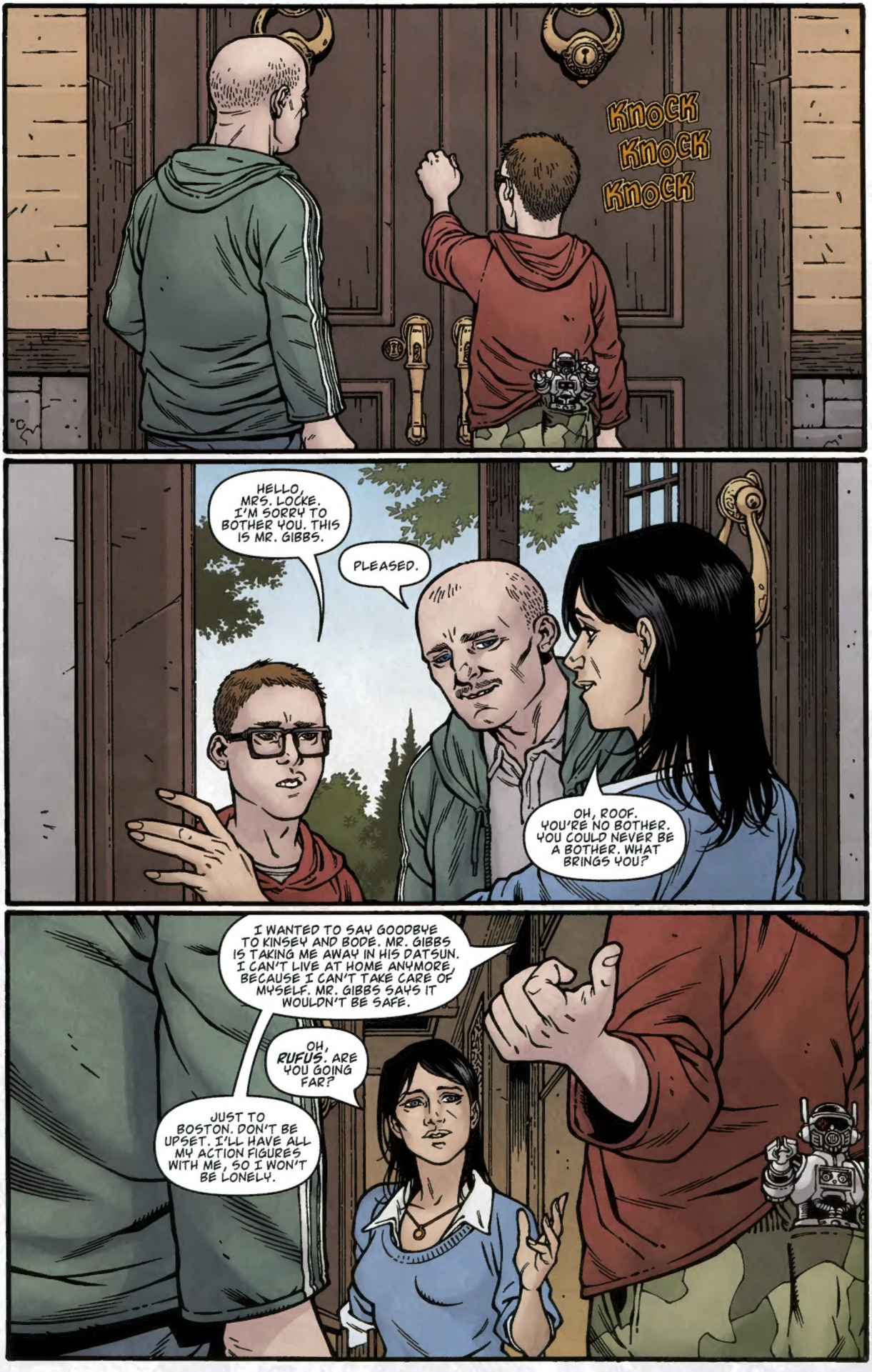
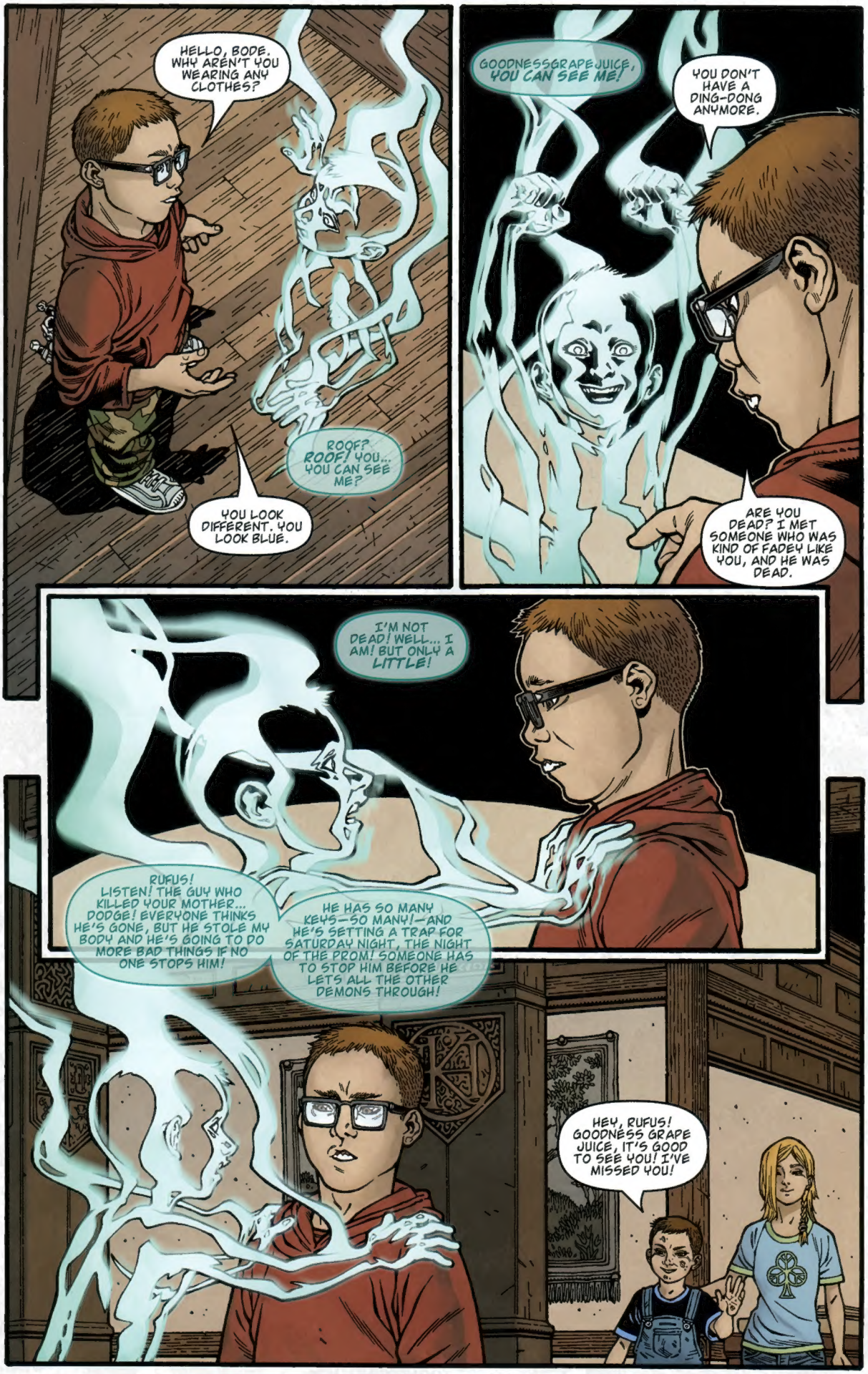
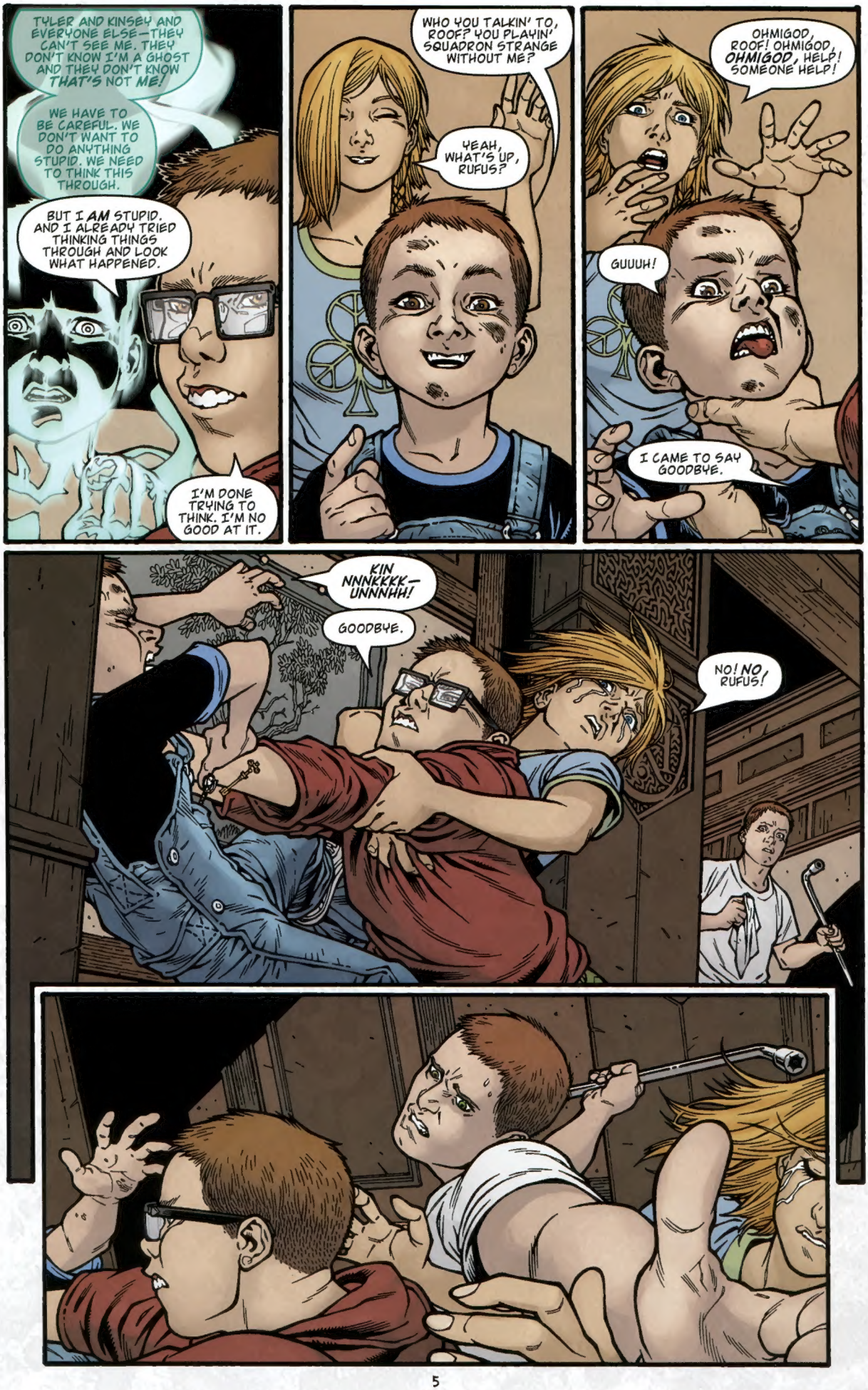
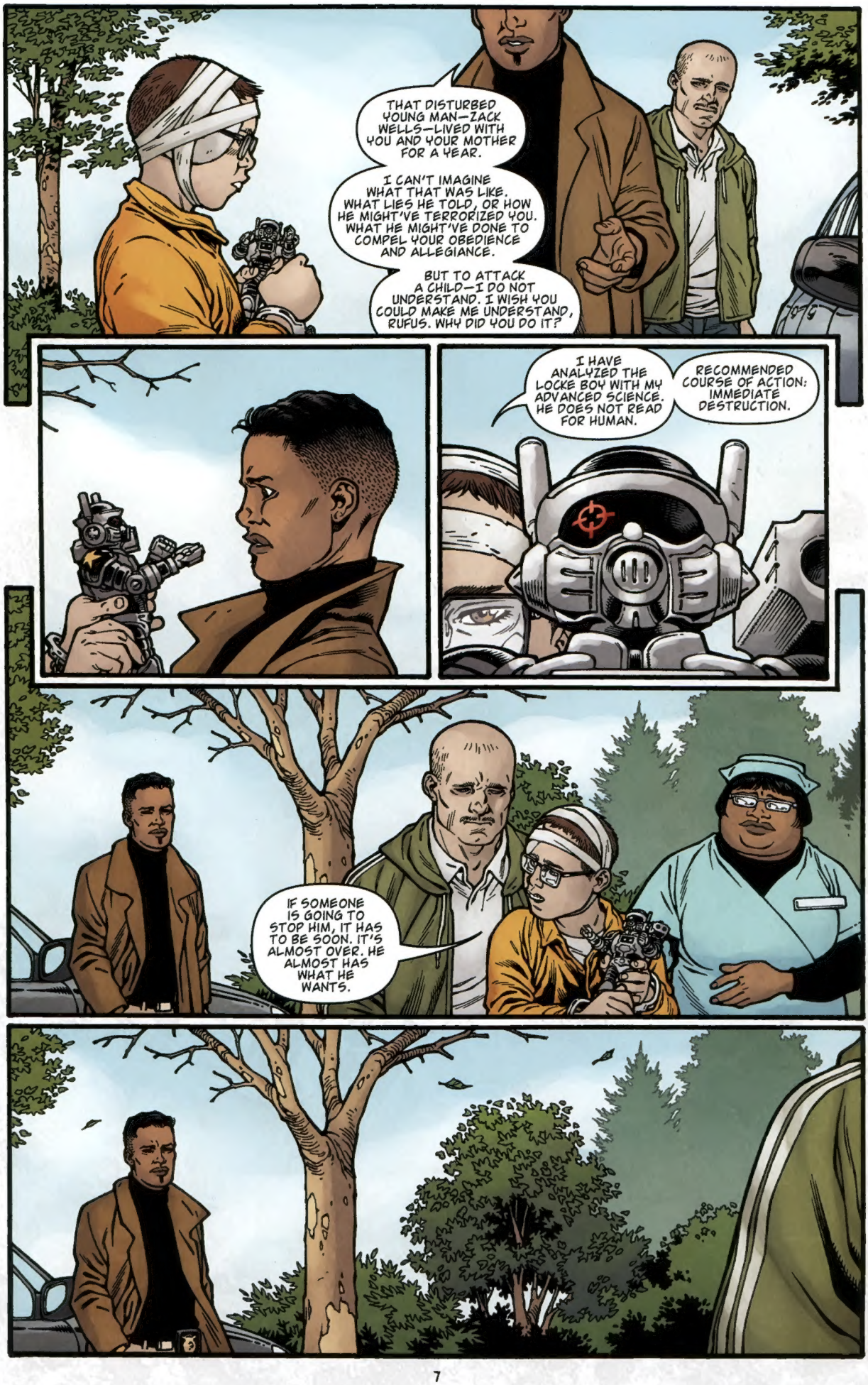

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
HELLO, MRS. LOCKE. I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU. THIS IS MR. GIBBS.
PLEASED.
OH, ROOF. YOU'RE NO BOTHER. YOU COULD NEVER BE A BOTHER. WHAT BRINGS YOU?
I WANTED TO SAY GOODBYE TO KINSEY AND BODE. MR. GIBBS IS TAKING ME AWAY IN HIS DATSUN. I CAN'T LIVE AT HOME ANYMORE, BECAUSE I CAN'T TAKE CARE OF MYSELF. MR. GIBBS SAYS IT WOULDN'T BE SAFE.
OH, RUFUS. ARE YOU GOING FAR?
JUST TO BOSTON. DON'T BE UPSET. I'LL HAVE ALL MY ACTION FIGURES WITH ME, SO I WON'T BE LONELY.

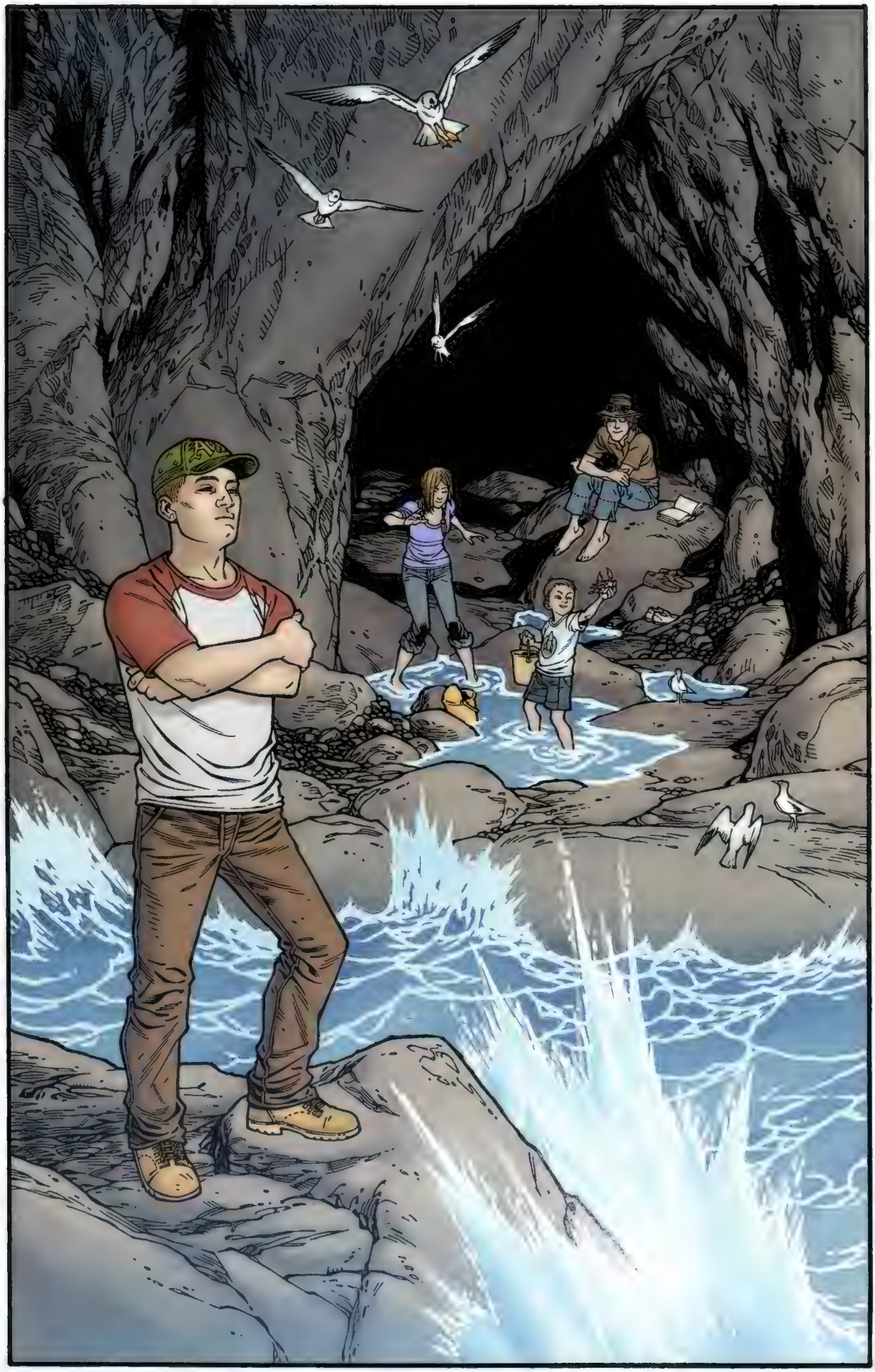
OH, I THINK WE CAN PROVIDE HIM WITH BETTER COMPANY THAN A FEW TOY ROBOTS.
RUFUS WILL BE PLACED IN A GROUP HOME WITH ONLY FIVE OTHER RESIDENTS. HE'LL HAVE HIS OWN BEDROOM, HOME-COOKED MEALS, AND TOP-FLIGHT EDUCATIONAL SERVICES.
BOSTON IS NEARBY, ROOF! I'M SURE YOU'LL BE SEEING A LOT OF BODE. LET ME SEE IF I CAN DIG HIM UP. HE WAS OUTSIDE—
TYLER? HAVE YOU SEEN KINSEY? OR BODE?
I THINK BODE WENT DOWN BY THE WATER! KINSEY WAS HEADED TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GET GRABBED BY A SQUID OR WHATEVER.
I'LL FIND THEM. GO'WAN. FINISH UP.
MY YOUNGEST SON IS JUST *FASCINATED* BY THE OCEAN—BODE WILL PROBABLY BE A MARINE BIOLOGIST WHEN HE GROWS UP. HE'S ALWAYS PICKING AROUND BY THE CAVES DOWN THERE THESE DAYS.
I'VE GOT ICED TEA, FRESH-MADE.
SOLD. IT'S NOT EVEN JUNE AND IT'S ALMOST 90. THEY'RE SAYING WE MIGHT HIT 100 DEGREES NEXT WEEK. WE'RE ALL GONNA BURN ALIVE.


HELLO, BODE. WHY AREN'T YOU WEARING ANY CLOTHES?
YOU LOOK DIFFERENT. YOU LOOK BLUE.
ROOF? ROOF! YOU... YOU CAN SEE ME?
GOODNESSGRAPEJUICE, YOU CAN SEE ME!
YOU DON'T HAVE A DING-DONG ANYMORE.
ARE YOU DEAD? I MET SOMEONE WHO WAS KIND OF FADEY LIKE YOU, AND HE WAS DEAD.
I'M NOT DEAD! WELL... I AM! BUT ONLY A LITTLE!
RUFUS! LISTEN! THE GUY WHO KILLED YOUR MOTHER... DODGE! EVERYONE THINKS HE'S GONE, BUT HE STOLE MY BODY AND HE'S GOING TO DO MORE BAD THINGS IF NO ONE STOPS HIM!
HE HAS SO MANY KEYS—SO MANY!—AND HE'S SETTING A TRAP FOR SATURDAY NIGHT, THE NIGHT OF THE PROM! SOMEONE HAS TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE LETS ALL THE OTHER DEMONS THROUGH!
HEY, RUFUS! GOODNESS GRAPE JUICE, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! I'VE MISSED YOU!


TYLER AND KINSEY AND EVERYONE ELSE—THEY CAN'T SEE ME. THEY DON'T KNOW I'M A GHOST AND THEY DON'T KNOW THAT'S NOT ME!
WE HAVE TO BE CAREFUL. WE DON'T WANT TO DO ANYTHING STUPID. WE NEED TO THINK THIS THROUGH.
BUT I AM STUPID. AND I ALREADY TRIED THINKING THINGS THROUGH AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED.
I'M DONE TRYING TO THINK. I'M NO GOOD AT IT.
WHO YOU TALKIN' TO, ROOF? YOU PLAYIN' SQUADRON STRANGE WITHOUT ME?
YEAH, WHAT'S UP, RUFUS?
OHMIGOD, ROOF! OHMIGOD, OHMIGOD, HELP! SOMEONE HELP!
GUUUH!
I CAME TO SAY GOODBYE.
KIN NNNKKKK— UNNNHH!
GOODBYE.
NO! NO! RUFUS!

WE'RE HERE, SON.


THAT DISTURBED YOUNG MAN—ZACK WELLS—LIVED WITH YOU AND YOUR MOTHER FOR A YEAR.
I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT THAT WAS LIKE. WHAT LIES HE TOLD, OR HOW HE MIGHT'VE TERRORIZED YOU. WHAT HE MIGHT'VE DONE TO COMPEL YOUR OBEDIENCE AND ALLEGIANCE.
BUT TO ATTACK A CHILD—I DO NOT UNDERSTAND. I WISH YOU COULD MAKE ME UNDERSTAND, RUFUS. WHY DID YOU DO IT?
I HAVE ANALYZED THE LOCKE BOY WITH MY ADVANCED SCIENCE. HE DOES NOT READ FOR HUMAN.
RECOMMENDED COURSE OF ACTION: IMMEDIATE DESTRUCTION.
IF SOMEONE IS GOING TO STOP HIM, IT HAS TO BE SOON. IT'S ALMOST OVER. HE ALMOST HAS WHAT HE WANTS.



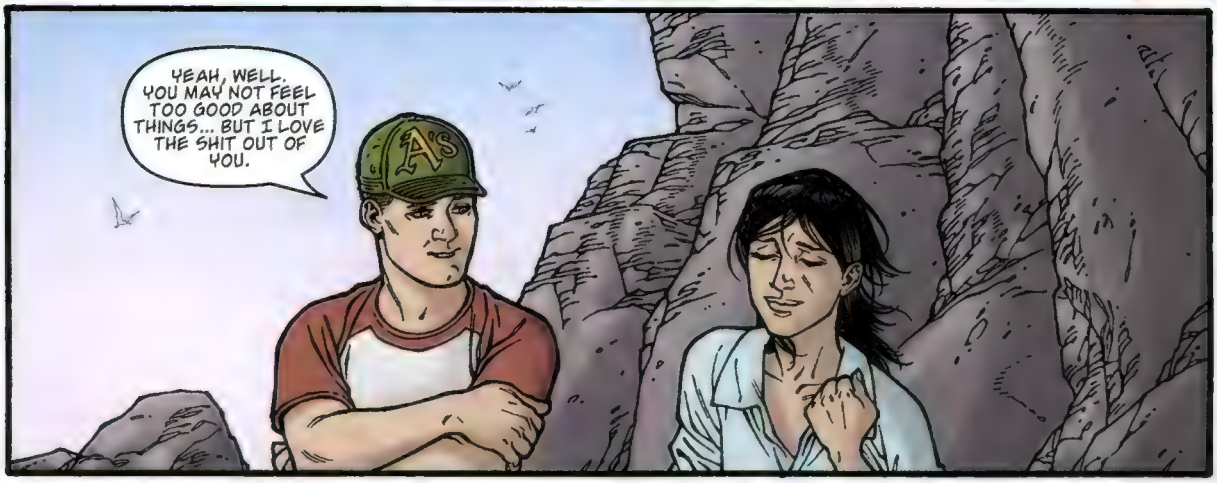
WHAT ARE THEY DOING DOWN THERE?
HAVING A CONTEST TO SEE WHO CAN BE THE FIRST TO GET A FLESH WOUND FROM A CRAB.
SAFEST THING THEY'VE DONE ALL YEAR.

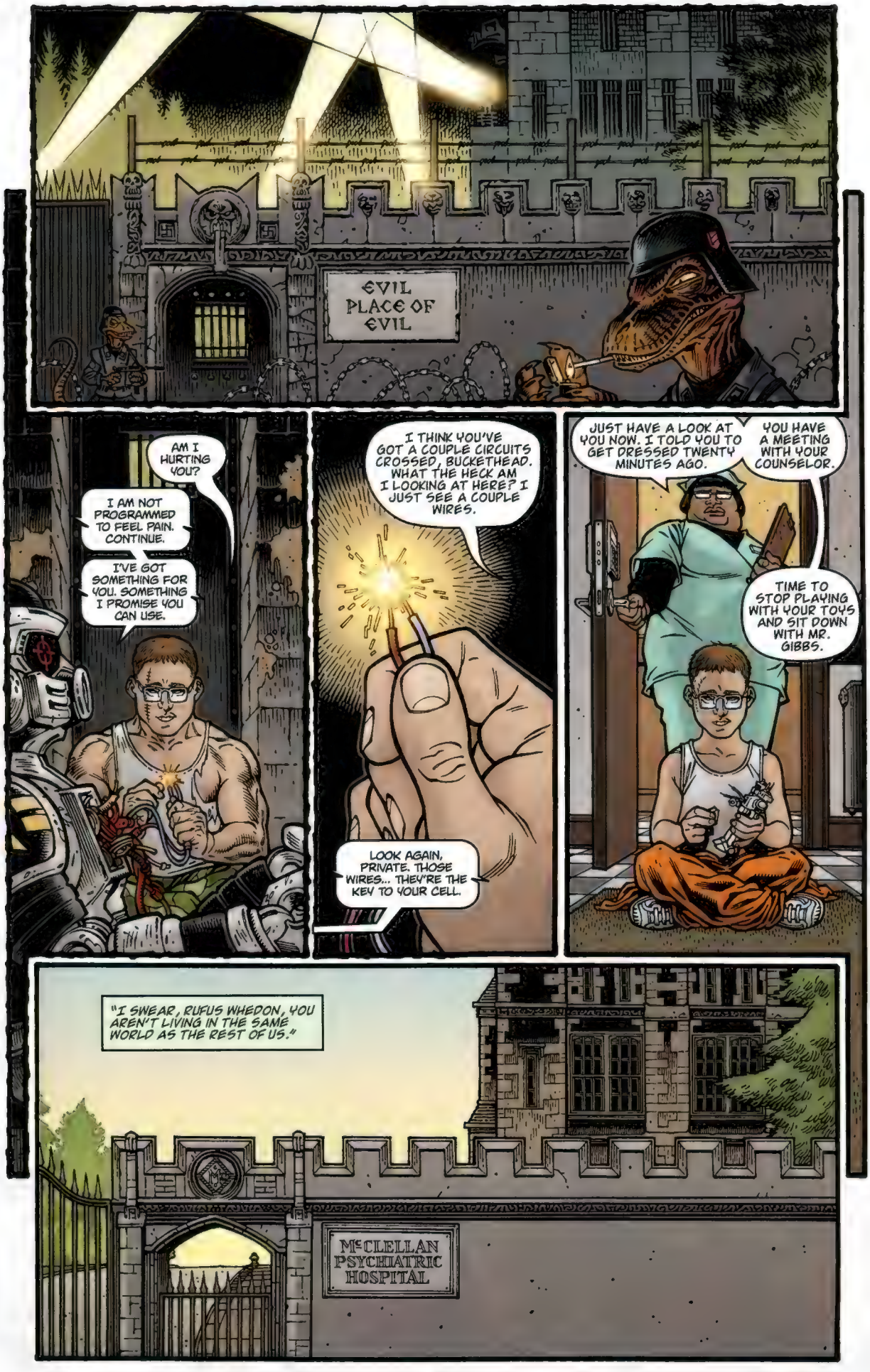
HOW ABOUT YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? FEELING BAD?
WHAT DO I HAVE TO FEEL BAD ABOUT? BESIDES TAKING A LUG-WRENCH TO THE FACE OF A MENTALLY DEFICIENT KID WHO LOST HIS MOTHER A FEW WEEKS AGO?

YOU SAVED BODE'S LIFE. AGAIN. YOU MAY NOT FEEL TOO GOOD ABOUT THINGS... BUT I LOVE THE SHIT OUT OF YOU.
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THERE FOR THE LITTLE GUY. WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR MYSELF.

STILL HOLDING IT?

APPARENTLY. I GUESS I'VE BEEN...
...CARRYING IT ALL DAY. HUMM.
STUPID, RIGHT? LIKE I DESERVE A TROPHY FOR BEING THIRTY DAYS SOBER.


YEAH, WELL. YOU MAY NOT FEEL TOO GOOD ABOUT THINGS... BUT I LOVE THE SHIT OUT OF YOU.


EVIL PLACE OF EVIL
AM I HURTING YOU?
I AM NOT PROGRAMMED TO FEEL PAIN. CONTINUE.
I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU. SOMETHING I PROMISE YOU CAN USE.
I THINK YOU'VE GOT A COUPLE CIRCUITS CROSSED, BUCKETHEAD. WHAT THE HECK AM I LOOKING AT HERE? I JUST SEE A COUPLE WIRES.
LOOK AGAIN, PRIVATE. THOSE WIRES... THEY'RE THE KEY TO YOUR CELL.
JUST HAVE A LOOK AT YOU NOW. I TOLD YOU TO GET DRESSED TWENTY MINUTES AGO.
YOU HAVE A MEETING WITH YOUR COUNSELOR.
TIME TO STOP PLAYING WITH YOUR TOYS AND SIT DOWN WITH MR. GIBBS.
"I SWEAR, RUFUS WHEDON, YOU AREN'T LIVING IN THE SAME WORLD AS THE REST OF US."
McCLELLAN PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL

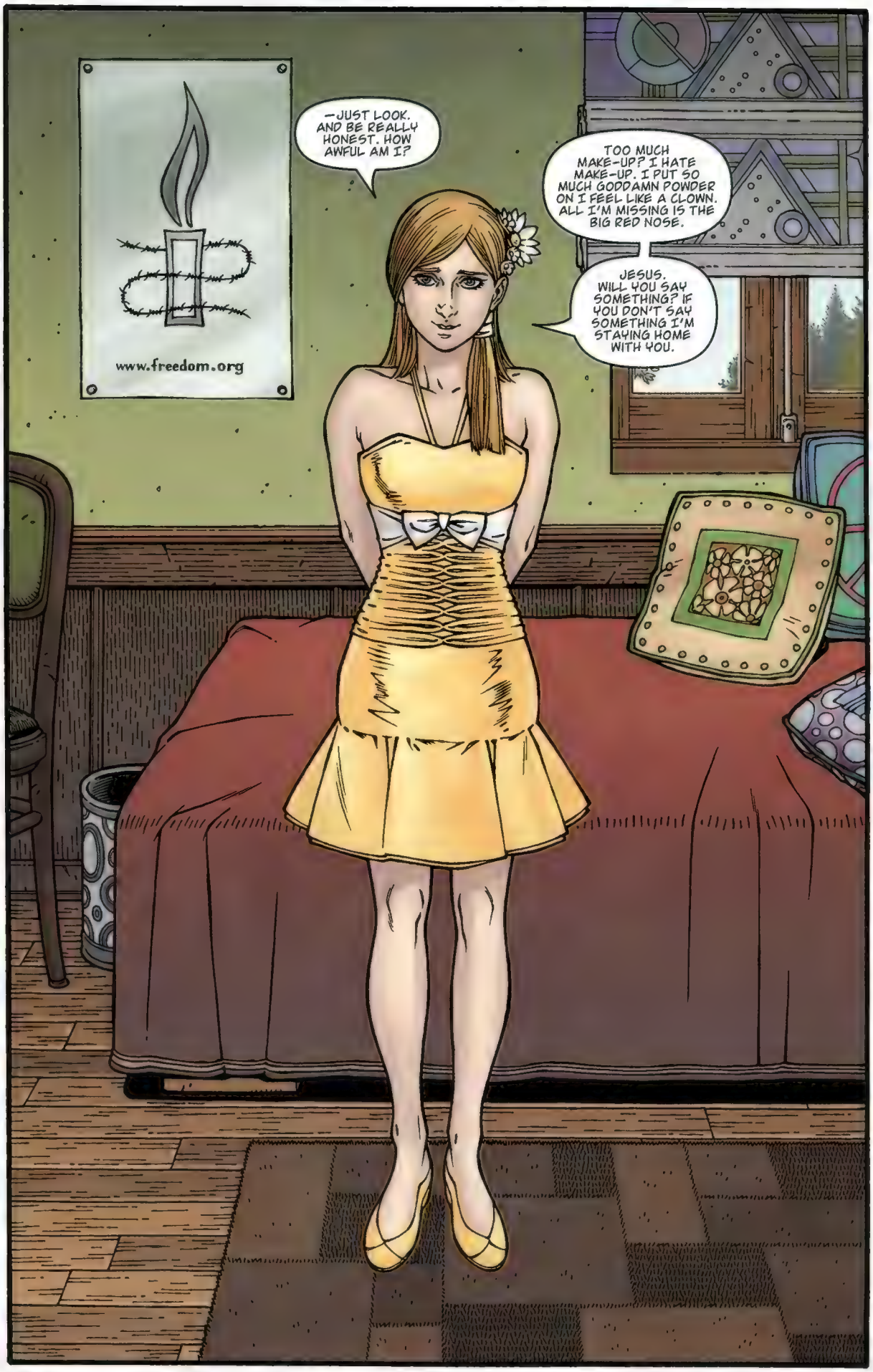
MENTAL HEALTH COUNSELOR
Dr. Elmore Gibbs
WHITE. WHITE. IT'S WHITE.
EVEN IF I DID GET OUT, I'M JUST ONE GRUNT. I'M CUT OFF FROM SUPPORT AND SOON... HE'LL HAVE AN ARMY.

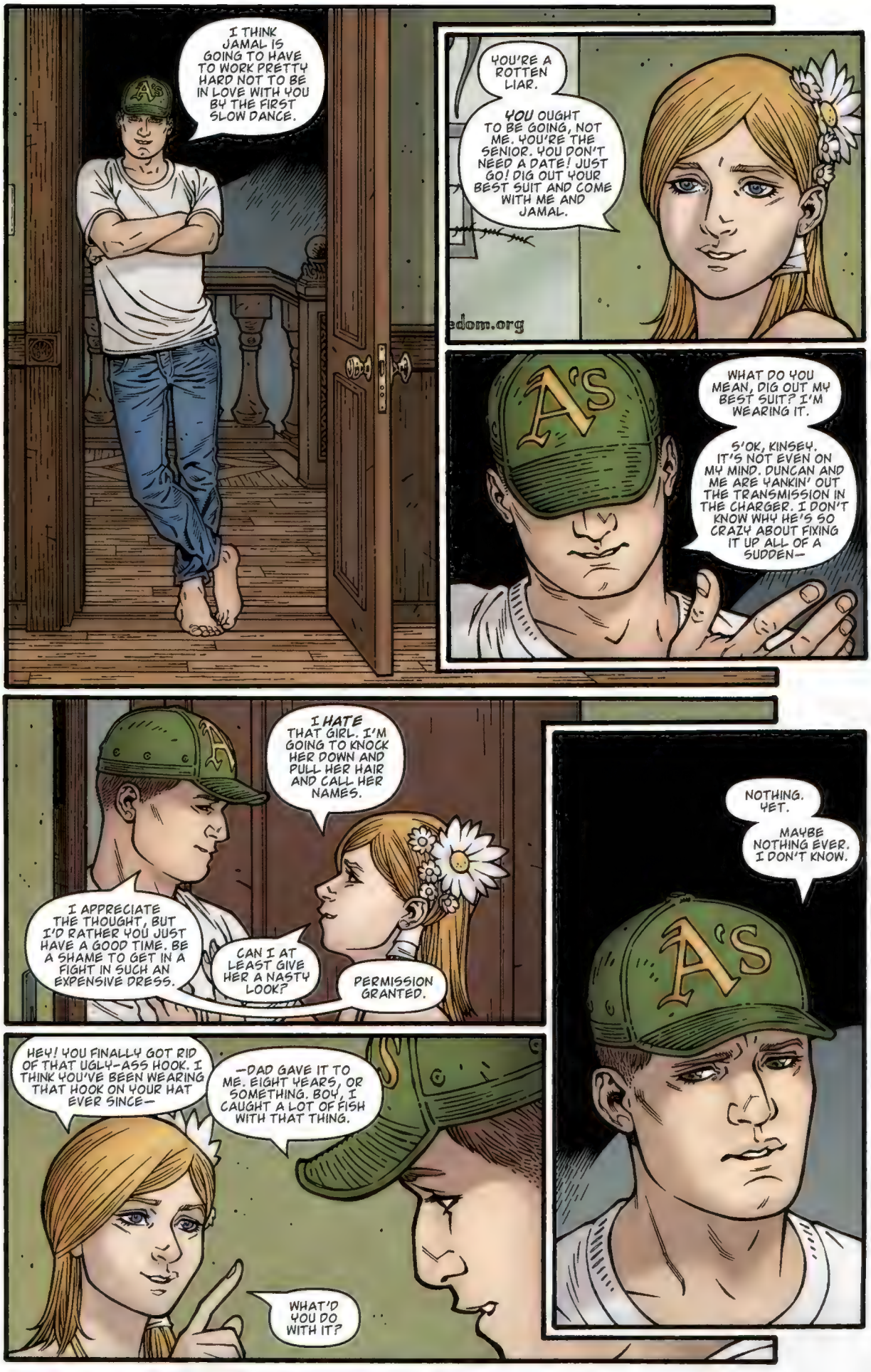
LOCATE THE CONTACT IN KEYHOUSE. ANALYZE OPPONENT'S TACTICAL POSITION. THERE MUST BE A WEAKNESS.
ELIMINATING DODGE IS NOW THE PRIME DIRECTIVE, PRIVATE.

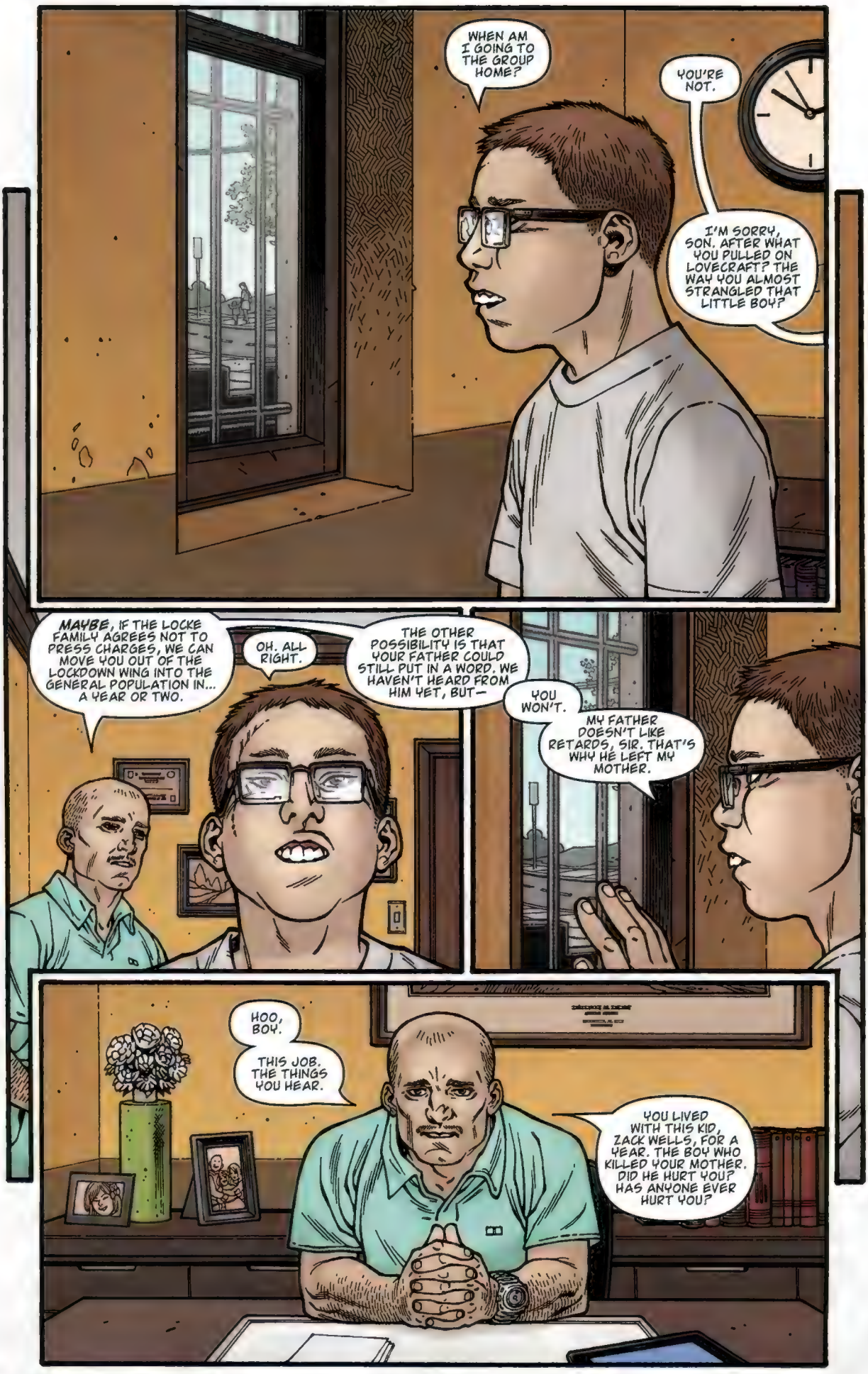
MENTAL HEALTH COUNSELOR
Dr. Elmore Gibbs
IT'S WHITE. IT'S WHITE. IT'S—

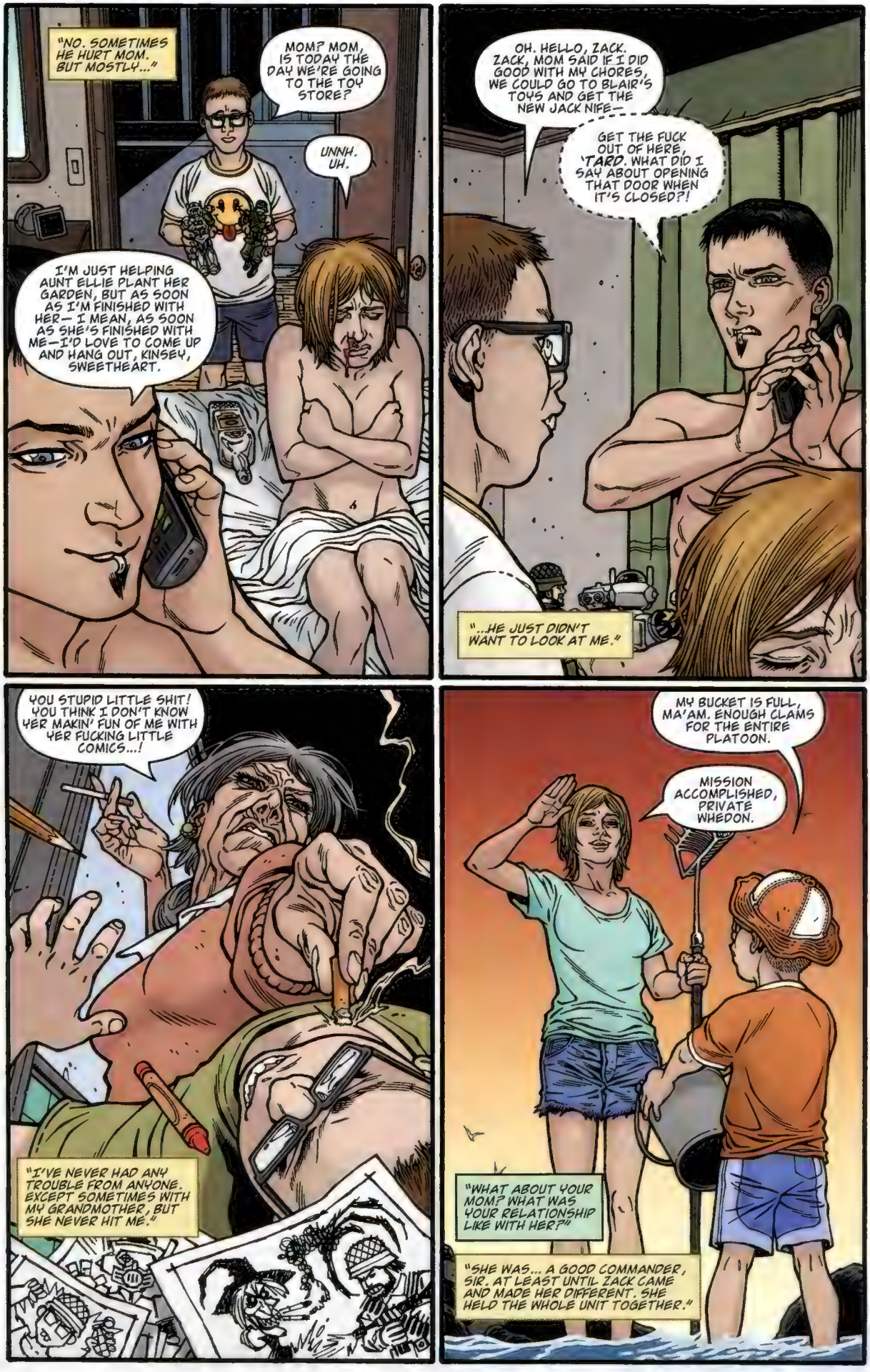
DODGE? STOP. STOP.
STOP. DODGE.

WHEDON! COME ALONG, BOY.
JESUS. JUST LOOK AT YOU. SERIOUSLY, KID—

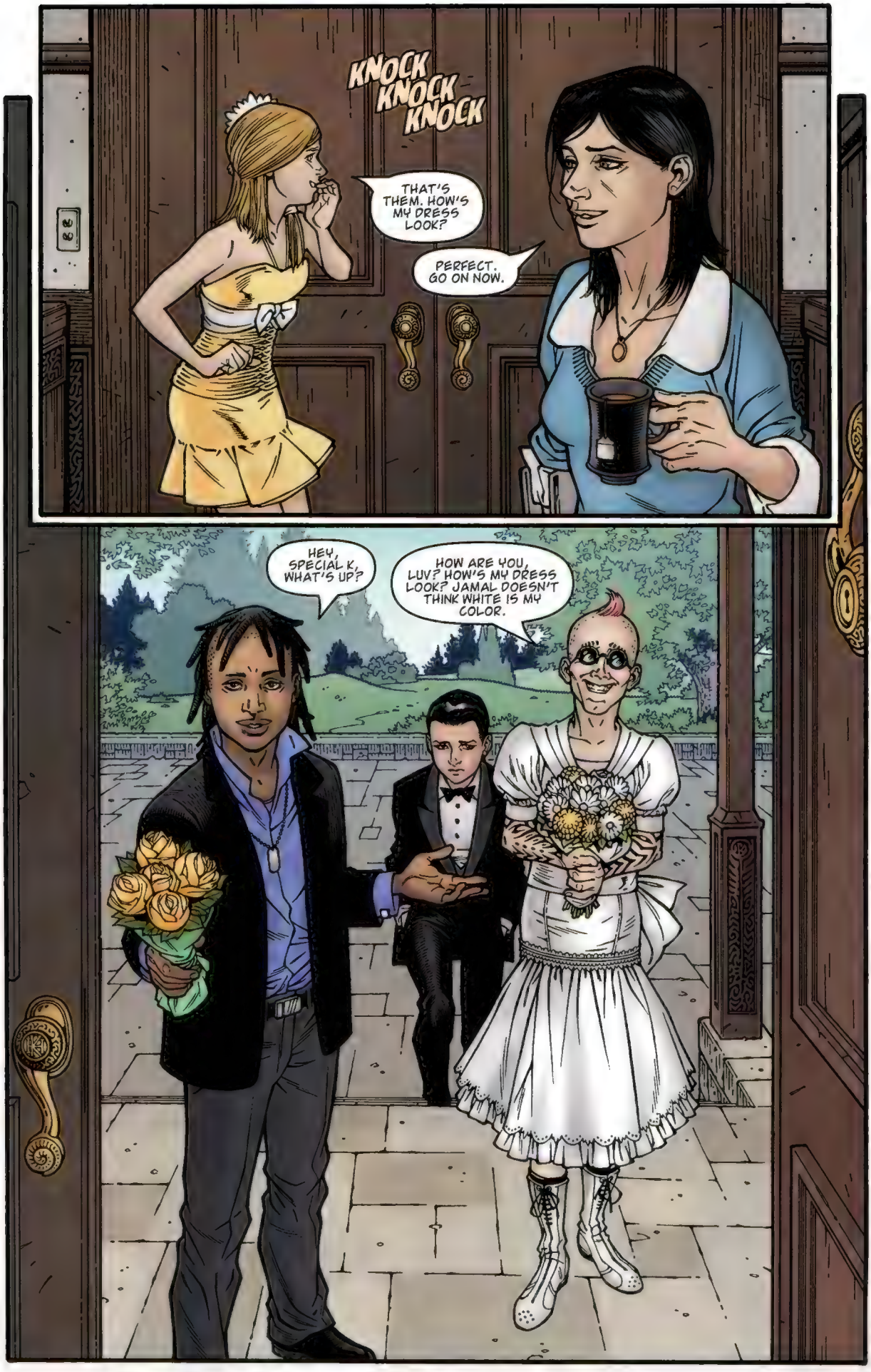

—JUST LOOK. AND BE REALLY HONEST. HOW AWFUL AM I?
TOO MUCH MAKE-UP? I HATE MAKE-UP. I PUT SO MUCH GODDAMN POWDER ON I FEEL LIKE A CLOWN. ALL I'M MISSING IS THE BIG RED NOSE.
JESUS. WILL YOU SAY SOMETHING? IF YOU DON'T SAY SOMETHING I'M STAYING HOME WITH YOU.
www.freedom.org

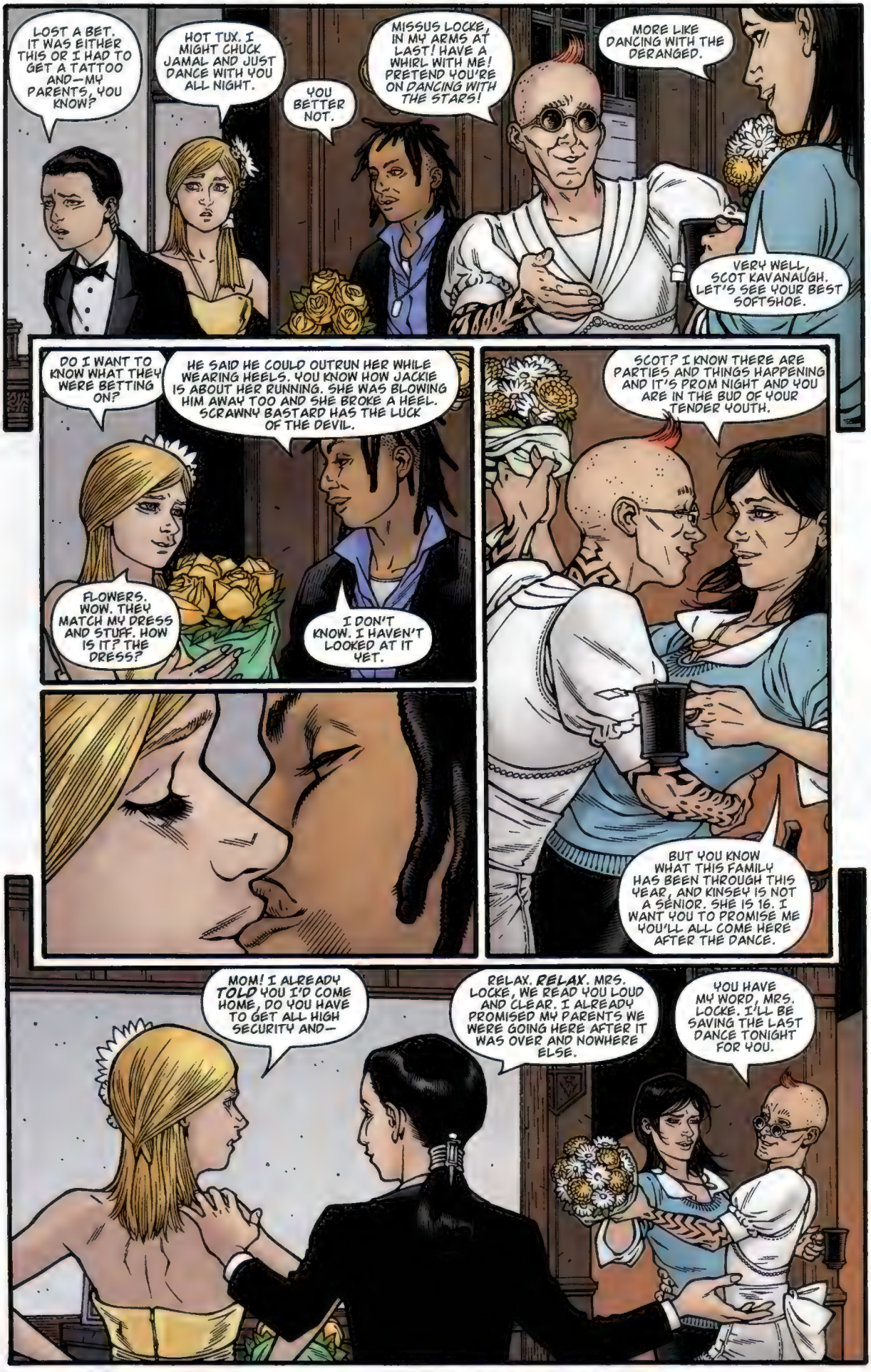

I THINK JAMAL IS GOING TO HAVE TO WORK PRETTY HARD NOT TO BE IN LOVE WITH YOU BY THE FIRST SLOW DANCE.
YOU'RE A ROTTEN LIAR.
YOU OUGHT TO BE GOING, NOT ME. YOU'RE THE SENIOR. YOU DON'T NEED A DATE! JUST GO! DIG OUT YOUR BEST SUIT AND COME WITH ME AND JAMAL.
edom.org
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DIG OUT MY BEST SUIT? I'M WEARING IT.
S'OK, KINSEY. IT'S NOT EVEN ON MY MIND. DUNCAN AND ME ARE YANKIN' OUT THE TRANSMISSION IN THE CHARGER. I DON'T KNOW WHY HE'S SO CRAZY ABOUT FIXING IT UP ALL OF A SUDDEN—
I HATE THAT GIRL. I'M GOING TO KNOCK HER DOWN AND PULL HER HAIR AND CALL HER NAMES.
I APPRECIATE THE THOUGHT, BUT I'D RATHER YOU JUST HAVE A GOOD TIME. BE A SHAME TO GET IN A FIGHT IN SUCH AN EXPENSIVE DRESS.
CAN I AT LEAST GIVE HER A NASTY LOOK?
PERMISSION GRANTED.
NOTHING. YET.
MAYBE NOTHING EVER. I DON'T KNOW.
HEY! YOU FINALLY GOT RID OF THAT UGLY-ASS HOOK. I THINK YOU'VE BEEN WEARING THAT HOOK ON YOUR HAT EVER SINCE—
—DAD GAVE IT TO ME. EIGHT YEARS, OR SOMETHING. BOY, I CAUGHT A LOT OF FISH WITH THAT THING.
WHAT'D YOU DO WITH IT?

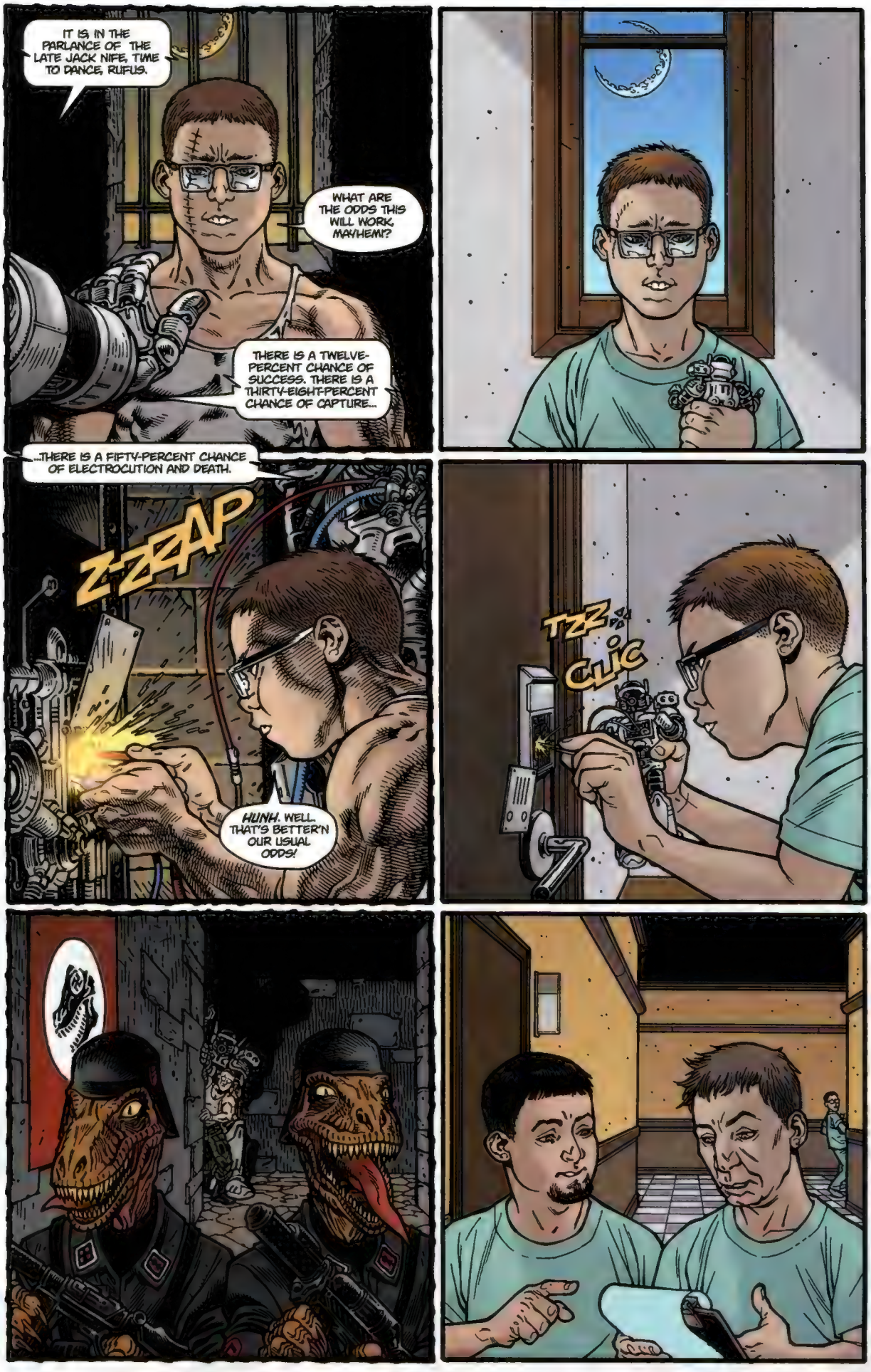

WHEN AM I GOING TO THE GROUP HOME?
YOU'RE NOT.
I'M SORRY, SON. AFTER WHAT YOU PULLED ON LOVECRAFT? THE WAY YOU ALMOST STRANGLED THAT LITTLE BOY?
MAYBE, IF THE LOCKE FAMILY AGREES NOT TO PRESS CHARGES, WE CAN MOVE YOU OUT OF THE LOCKDOWN WING INTO THE GENERAL POPULATION IN... A YEAR OR TWO.
OH. ALL RIGHT.
THE OTHER POSSIBILITY IS THAT YOUR FATHER COULD STILL PUT IN A WORD. WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM YET, BUT—
YOU WON'T.
MY FATHER DOESN'T LIKE RETARDS, SIR. THAT'S WHY HE LEFT MY MOTHER.
HOO, BOY.
THIS JOB. THE THINGS YOU HEAR.
YOU LIVED WITH THIS KID, ZACK WELLS, FOR A YEAR. THE BOY WHO KILLED YOUR MOTHER. DID HE HURT YOU? HAS ANYONE EVER HURT YOU?


"NO. SOMETIMES HE HURT MOM. BUT MOSTLY..."
MOM? MOM, IS TODAY THE DAY WE'RE GOING TO THE TOY STORE?
UNNH. UH.
I'M JUST HELPING AUNT ELLIE PLANT HER GARDEN, BUT AS SOON AS I'M FINISHED WITH HER— I MEAN, AS SOON AS SHE'S FINISHED WITH ME—I'D LOVE TO COME UP AND HANG OUT, KINSEY, SWEETHEART.
OH. HELLO, ZACK. ZACK, MOM SAID IF I DID GOOD WITH MY CHORES, WE COULD GO TO BLAIR'S TOYS AND GET THE NEW JACK NIFE—
GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE, 'TARD. WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT OPENING THAT DOOR WHEN IT'S CLOSED?!
"...HE JUST DIDN'T WANT TO LOOK AT ME."
YOU STUPID LITTLE SHIT! YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW YER MAKIN' FUN OF ME WITH YER FUCKING LITTLE COMICS...!
"I'VE NEVER HAD ANY TROUBLE FROM ANYONE. EXCEPT SOMETIMES WITH MY GRANDMOTHER, BUT SHE NEVER HIT ME."
MY BUCKET IS FULL, MA'AM. ENOUGH CLAMS FOR THE ENTIRE PLATOON.
MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, PRIVATE WHEDON.
"WHAT ABOUT YOUR MOM? WHAT WAS YOUR RELATIONSHIP LIKE WITH HER?"
"SHE WAS... A GOOD COMMANDER, SIR. AT LEAST UNTIL ZACK CAME AND MADE HER DIFFERENT. SHE HELD THE WHOLE UNIT TOGETHER."

MA'AM, I WISH WE COULD DO THIS EVERY DAY, MA'AM.
I WISH I COULD BE USEFUL EVERY DAY.
BELAY THAT TALK, PRIVATE.
YOU'RE USEFUL TO ME. EVERY DAY. EVERY HOUR. ANYONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO LOVE IS USEFUL TO SOMEONE, RUFUS.
BUT IF I WASN'T DUMB...
HUSH NOW.
YOU GOT IT WHERE IT COUNTS, KID. THE WORLD IS FULL OF GENIUSES WHO WON'T EVER BE ABLE TO DO THE THINGS THAT COME NATURAL TO YOU. WORKING HARD. CARING. DOING FOR OTHERS.
I AM GODDAMN PROUD TO BE YOUR CAPTAIN, SOLDIER.

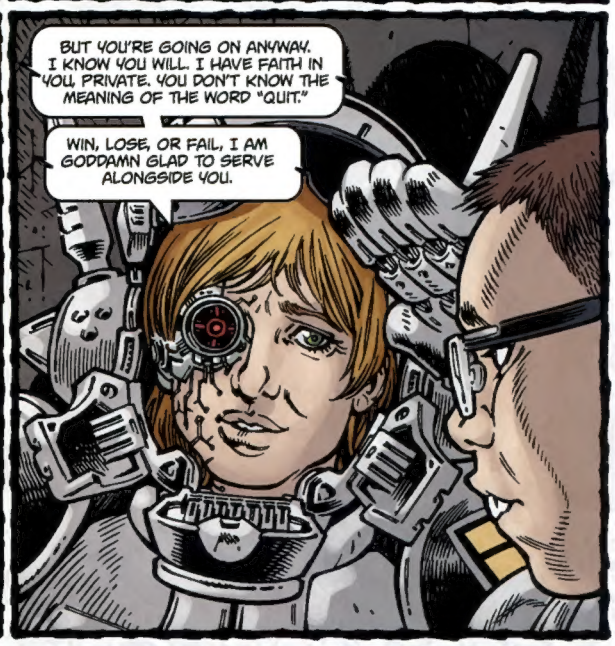

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
THAT'S THEM. HOW'S MY DRESS LOOK?
PERFECT. GO ON NOW.
HEY, SPECIAL K, WHAT'S UP?
HOW ARE YOU, LUV? HOW'S MY DRESS LOOK? JAMAL DOESN'T THINK WHITE IS MY COLOR.


LOST A BET. IT WAS EITHER THIS OR I HAD TO GET A TATTOO AND—MY PARENTS, YOU KNOW?
HOT TUX. I MIGHT CHUCK JAMAL AND JUST DANCE WITH YOU ALL NIGHT.
YOU BETTER NOT.
MISSUS LOCKE, IN MY ARMS AT LAST! HAVE A WHIRL WITH ME! PRETEND YOU'RE ON DANCING WITH THE STARS!
MORE LIKE DANCING WITH THE DERANGED.
VERY WELL, SCOT KAVANAUGH. LET'S SEE YOUR BEST SOFTSHOE.
DO I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THEY WERE BETTING ON?
HE SAID HE COULD OUTRUN HER WHILE WEARING HEELS. YOU KNOW HOW JACKIE IS ABOUT HER RUNNING. SHE WAS BLOWING HIM AWAY TOO AND SHE BROKE A HEEL. SCRAWNY BASTARD HAS THE LUCK OF THE DEVIL.
FLOWERS. WOW. THEY MATCH MY DRESS AND STUFF. HOW IS IT? THE DRESS?
I DON'T KNOW. I HAVEN'T LOOKED AT IT YET.
SCOT? I KNOW THERE ARE PARTIES AND THINGS HAPPENING AND IT'S PROM NIGHT AND YOU ARE IN THE BUD OF YOUR TENDER YOUTH.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THIS FAMILY HAS BEEN THROUGH THIS YEAR, AND KINSEY IS NOT A SENIOR. SHE IS 16. I WANT YOU TO PROMISE ME YOU'LL ALL COME HERE AFTER THE DANCE.
MOM! I ALREADY *TOLD* YOU I'D COME HOME, DO YOU HAVE TO GET ALL HIGH SECURITY AND—
RELAX. ***RELAX***. MRS. LOCKE, WE READ YOU LOUD AND CLEAR. I ALREADY PROMISED MY PARENTS WE WERE GOING HERE AFTER IT WAS OVER AND NOWHERE ELSE.
YOU HAVE MY WORD, MRS. LOCKE. I'LL BE SAVING THE LAST DANCE TONIGHT FOR YOU.


IT IS, IN THE PARLANCE OF THE LATE JACK NIFE, TIME TO DANCE, RUFUS.
WHAT ARE THE ODDS THIS WILL WORK, MAYHEM?
THERE IS A TWELVE-PERCENT CHANCE OF SUCCESS. THERE IS A THIRTY-EIGHT-PERCENT CHANCE OF CAPTURE...
...THERE IS A FIFTY-PERCENT CHANCE OF ELECTROCUTION AND DEATH.
ZZZAP
HUNH. WELL. THAT'S BETTER'N OUR USUAL ODDS!
TZZ
CLIC

EXIT
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, MISS VOSS, I'D SAY YOU BEEN A LOT MORE LIVELY—
—HEY! WHAT YOU DOING OUT OF YOUR ROOM, CHILD?
WHITE. WHITE.
DON'T YOU MOVE ONE MORE STEP, RUFUS WHEDON! YOU DON'T BELONG OUTTA THE LOCKDOWN! STOP RIGHT THERE!
STOP. STOP.
AA!
STOP. DODGE.
OH FRICK AND FRACK! WHERE'D MY GLASSES GO?
GO. STOP.
GO. STOP. DODGE.
GO STOP DODGE.

EVEN IF WE ESCAPE...
...HOW WILL WE GET TO LOVECRAFT? I GET LOST IN THE SUPERMARKET. WHAT WILL I DO WHEN I GET THERE?
I'M... I'M SCARED, MAYHEM.
CLK
KLAK
CLIC


BUT YOU'RE GOING ON ANYWAY. I KNOW YOU WILL. I HAVE FAITH IN YOU, PRIVATE. YOU DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD "QUIT."
WIN, LOSE, OR FAIL, I AM GODDAMN GLAD TO SERVE ALONGSIDE YOU.

ALL RIGHT. I'LL TRY. I'LL DO MY BEST.

WEIRD WAR...THE WAY YOU WANT IT!!
SQUADRON STRANGE!
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32
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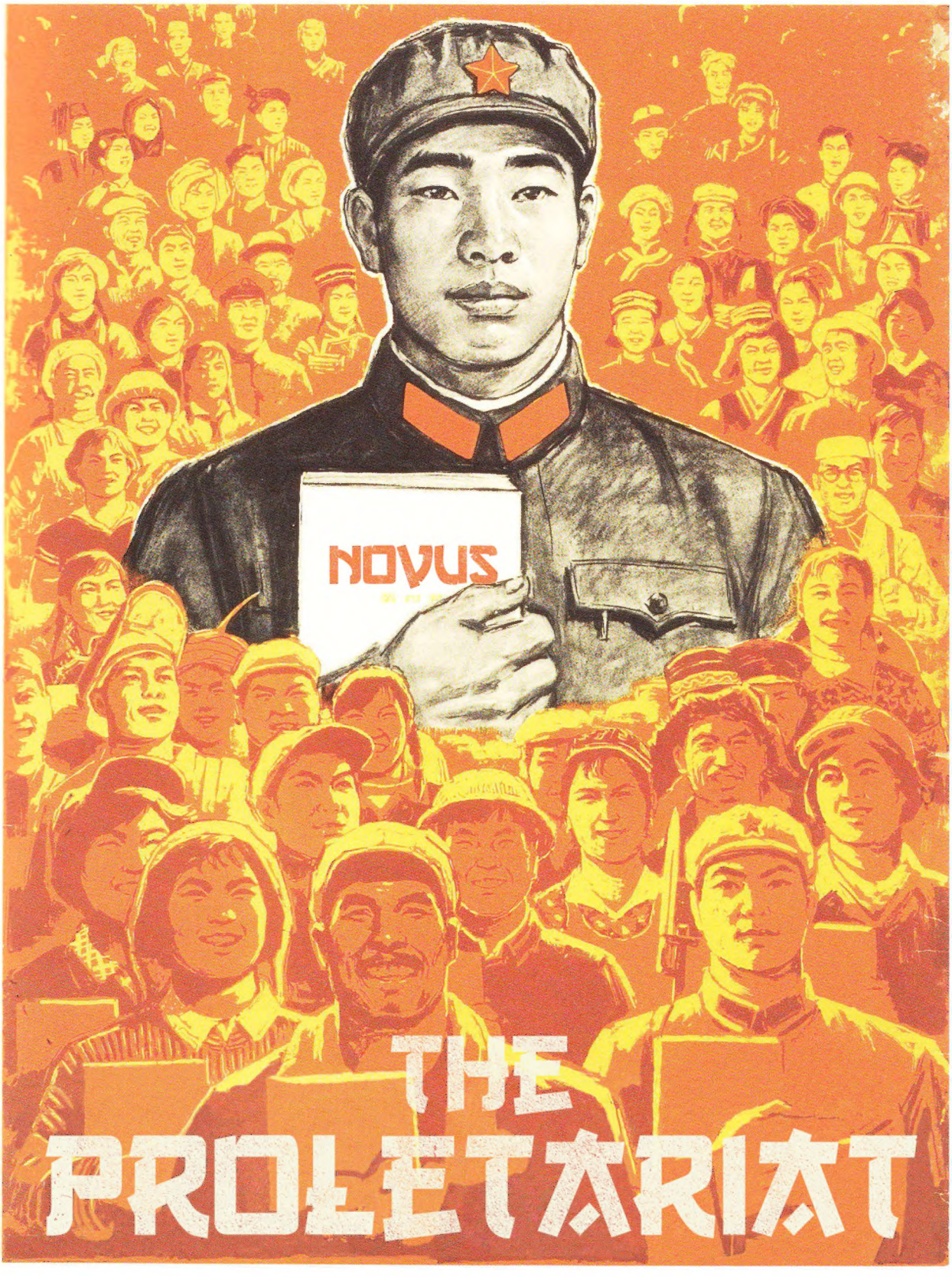
« THE SOLDIER »
I'M GETTIN' BACK HOME, MAYHEM, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER. ON MY OWN TWO FEET...
... OR IN A BOX!
Surreal Scribbler
JOE HILL
Arcane Artist
GABRIEL RODRIGUEZ
Horrific Hues
JAY FOTOS
Spellbinding Speller
ROBBIE ROBBINS
Eldritch Editor
CHRIS RYALL
A "LOCKE & KEY ΩMEGA" CROSSOVER !!
SQUADRON STRANGE summoned by • LOCKE & KEY unleashed by
JOE HILL & GABRIEL RODRIGUEZ

ISSUE #3


NOVUS
THE
PROLETARIAT